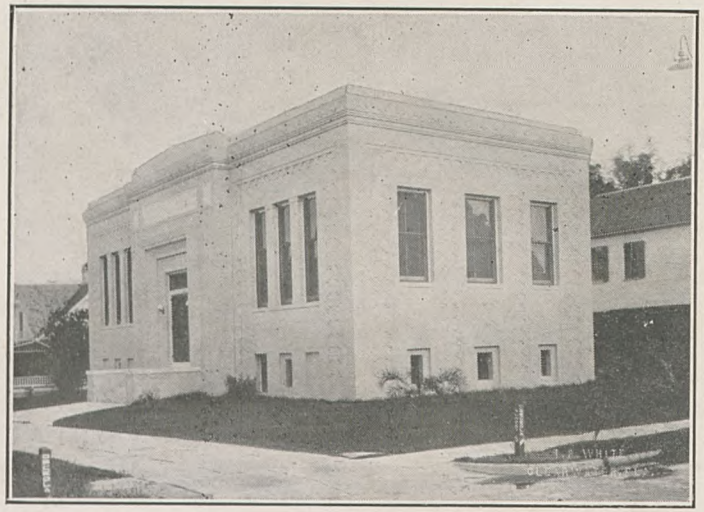
LH-C CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL



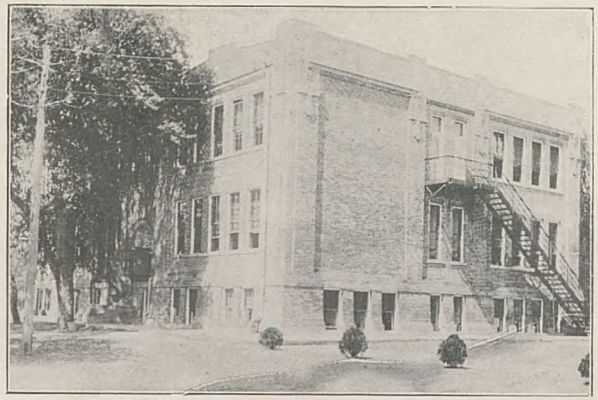
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HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

BEING THE 1917-'18 YEAR BOOK OF
THE CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA VOL. III.



Prof. Joseph I. Reece

Dedication

WE, THE Annual Staff, lovingly dedicate this result of our united toil to "our" Mr. Reece, a friend, adviser considerate instructor, and above all a gentleman.

Foreword

To the Reader of the Annual of C. H. S.:

DURING the past year we have tried to keep a faithful record of our goings and comings, and to compile them in a year book that will both please and entertain you. As you turn the leaves of this book please remember that while we were observing meatless, wheatless, lightless and heatless days that we were also racking our brains to find a way to make our Annual a little more "pageless." After much consideration, and many forebodings, we have sent this little book on to you. We sincerely hope that to our friends it may prove most interesting and to the students of C. H. S. it may ever recall pleasant recollections of their High School days.

THE EDITORS.



YE EDITORS.

Annual Staff

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ASSISTANT EDITOR
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Robert Boyd

ASST. BUSINESS MGR.
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LITERARY EDITOR
Mary Shank

ATHLETIC EDITOR
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JOKE EDITOR
Ferroll Moore

CHRONOLOGY EDITOR
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(Diploma, Stout Institute, Wisconsin)
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THE FACULTY



The Senior Class

COLORS
Pink and Green

FLOWER
Pink Carnation

MOTTO
"B Sharp, B Natural, but Never B Flat"

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Mary Shank

SECRETARY
Mildred Wyatt

VICE-PRESIDENT
Victor Logan

TREASURER
Waller Smith



VICTOR LOGAN
"Sugar Pie"
A Traveler from an Antique Land

MARY SHANK
"Shanks"
Filled to the Brim with Girlish Glee

WALLER SMITH
"Angel Child"
A Good Natured Scotchman

FEROLL MOORE
"Pat"
Brains and Beauty, the Unusual Combination

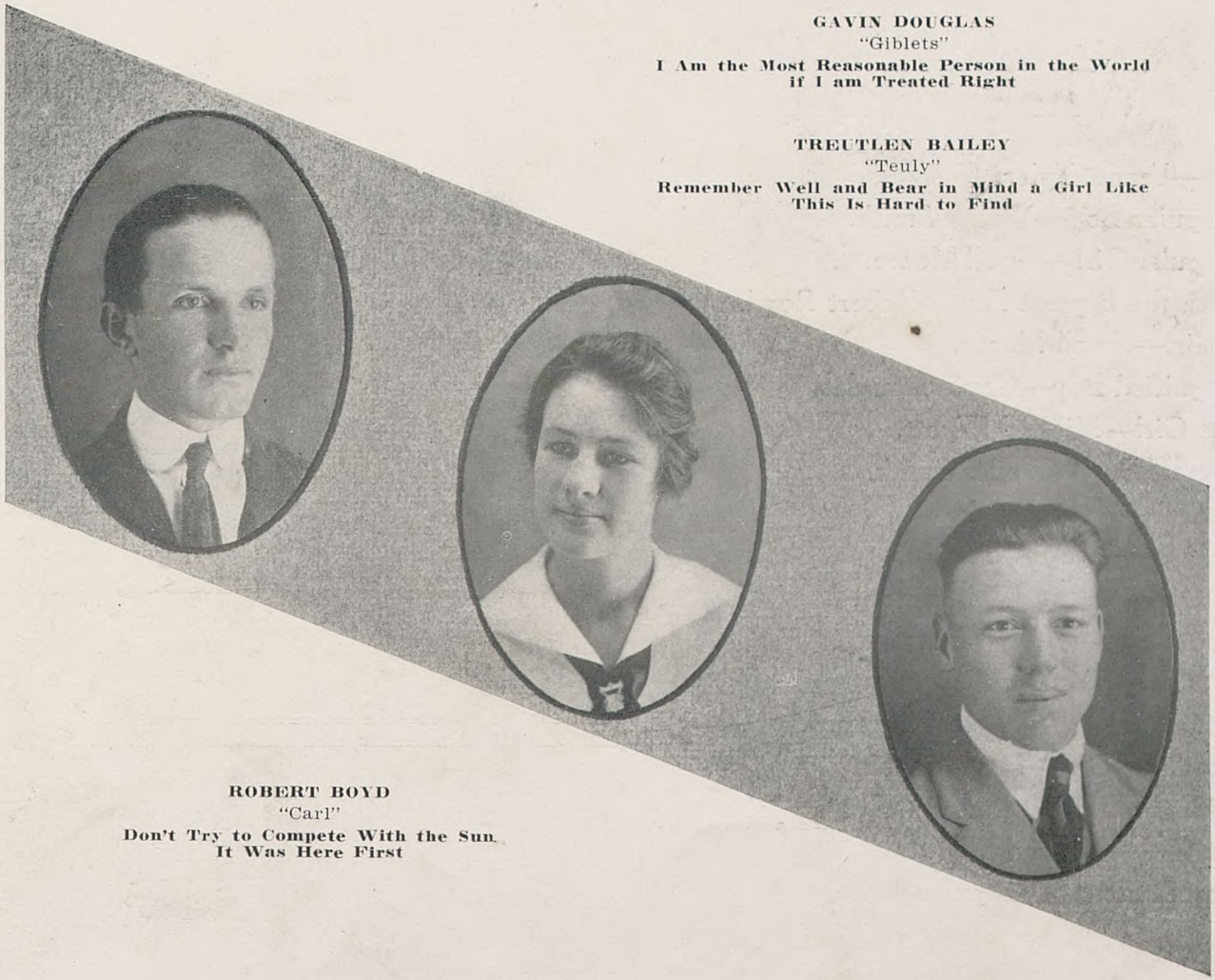


ERNEST TYLER
"Ichabod"
Even Though Vanished He Could Argue Still

MILDRED WYATT
"Mike"
So Neat, So Fair, and Always on the Square

GEORGE JOHNSON
"Jo"
The World Delights in a Man Who Plays His Own Part

VERNA WHITTINGTON
"Teaney"
A Sweet, Attractive Kind of Grace



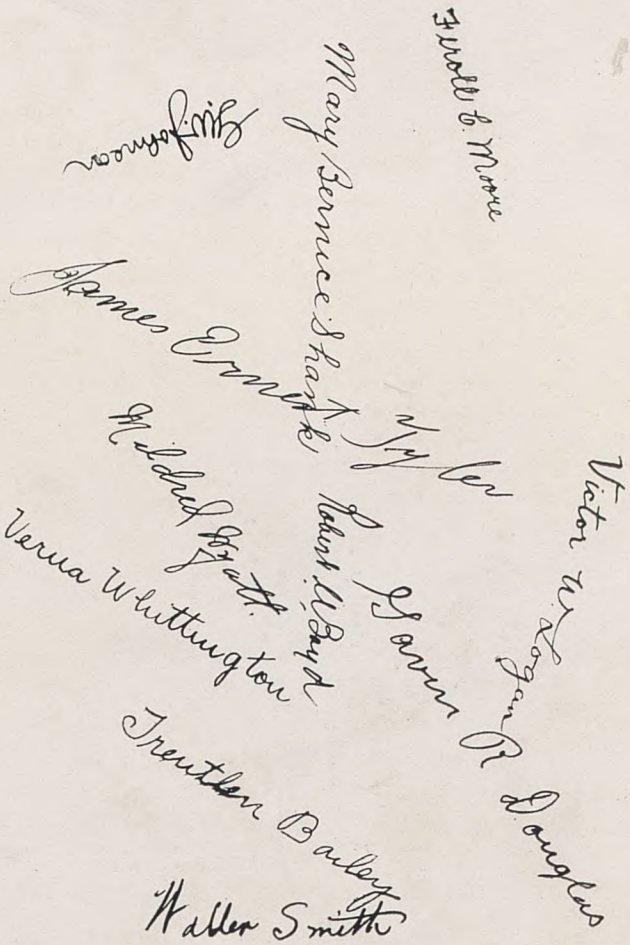
GAVIN DOUGLAS
"Giblets"
I Am the Most Reasonable Person in the World if I am Treated Right

TREUTLEN BAILEY
"Teuly"
Remember Well and Bear in Mind a Girl Like This Is Hard to Find

ROBERT BOYD
"Carl"
Don't Try to Compete With the Sun. It Was Here First

Who's Who

Wittiest—Ernest Tyler.
Most Popular Boy—Waller Smith.
Most Popular Girl—Feroll Moore.
Boy With the Biggest Feet—Robert Boyd.
Cutest Girl—Feroll Moore.
Most Dignified Boy—Gavin Douglas.
Sweetest Girl—Mildred Wyatt.
Handsomest Boy—Waller Smith.
Jolliest Girl—Mary Shank.
Jolliest Boy—George Johnson.
Neatest Girl—Verna Whittington.
Most Polite Boy—Robert Boyd.
Quietest Girl—Treutlen Bailey.
Most Studious Boy—Victor Logan.
Most Studious Girl—Mary Shank.
Boy With the Biggest Laugh—George Johnson.
Prettiest Girl—Mildred Wyatt.
Traveling Student—Victor Logan.



Senior Class History

OF COURSE we began our Freshman year at C. H. S. feeling just as important as a class ever did, but then we had a right to, for look who we were! Many new ones joined our ranks among them Mary Shank, who has proven herself a pearl of great value to all who know her. Feroll Moore, too, came to our class as a Freshman. Her recitations, which were wonders, have caused us all to sit up and take notice.

After a year of fun mixed in with a little hard study, the time for exams. came. Of course we all dreaded them, for we had heard dreadful tales of C. H. S. exams. but we soon found that they were not so very hard after all.

As Sophomores we came back with a sense of superiority but with a little dread, too, for it is always quoted that the second year is the hardest of them all. One valuable acquisition gained was Mildred Wyatt. We set out with a good will, and strong determination to conquer all hardships. We soon found that our activities need not all be confined to studies, for at the first part of the year our Literary Society was organized. After the first attack of "Stage Fright," everyone took a great interest in the programs, which were given every two weeks.

All too soon it was time for exams. again.

How proud we were to file in as Juniors! We came back with a much smaller class, but anyway, an "even dozen." Even though we were sorry to lose so many of our class, we were glad to take in three new students: Treutlen Bailey, Robert Boyd and George Johnson. We were quick to find that there was even more in store for us than we had expected, for of all things, we were recognized by the Seniors and were taken more and more into their confidence. Many jolly times were had with them.

Toward the end of our school year there was a dark cloud over all the High School for we learned that Mr. Smith, our High School principal, would not be with us another year.

The Senior Class witnessed several changes in the Faculty. There were new faces instead of old to greet us. We were sorry to find that our kind friends of the previous year were with us no longer, but our best wishes have gone with them.

Still there was a mighty resolve in the heart of each Senior that his class should stand like a beacon light for all coming generations. Having

escaped the tortures of our Junior year we longed with infinite longing to lend a helping hand to those poor youths and maidens who were about to enter on their course of probation. But as strangers we were powerless, so one pleasant evening, duly labeled, we entered the portals of the school, there to meet and mingle with our fellow students to be, for the coming year. That night the ties of friendship were closely bound. For further information see a certain Senior boy who drives an "Oakland."

Soon the Juniors, grateful for what had been done for them, to show their appreciation did bid us all to meet with them on a certain night, at a certain hour, at a "Country Fair." Many a heart that night was happy which had toiled for weary weeks. Others so full of glee exclaimed:

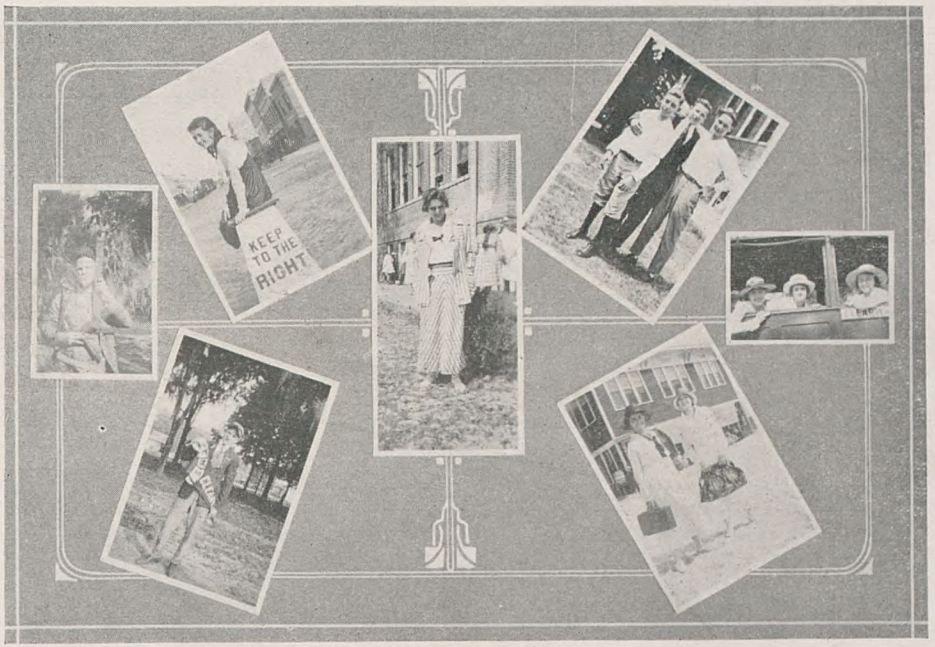
"Back, turnbackward, O time in thy
flight,
Turn back the tick tock just for to-
night."

We wish to compliment "certain people" for the active internal postal service carried on this year. Many a mystery has been solved this way.

Now we prepare to leave our Alma Mater with its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and disappointments. May the ideals which have formed in the period through which we have passed, determine our future as men and women.

VERNA WHITTINGTON, '18.





SNAP SHOTS

Last Will and Testament of the Class of '18

WE, THE class of '18 of the Clearwater High School, Pinellas County, Clearwater, Fla., knowing that we are soon to depart from school life we make and publish this, our last earthly will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us at any other time.

We, the aforesaid class, do hereby will and bequeath to the present Juniors all rights, honors and privileges that distinguish Seniors from lesser mortals, the dignity of the class as a whole and we hope their deportment will stay up to the standard we have set.

I, Victor Logan, do hereby will and bequeath to Everad Mann my Goat; said Goat to be used for the purpose of pulling Everad's Flivver out of the ditch.

I, Mary Shank, do will and bequeath my "Little Lamb" to Mary Plumb; the reason for choosing Mary is because "The Lamb" is used to the name.

I, George Johnson, do bequeath to D. T. McMullen something very trying to teachers, but welcomed by all classmates; namely, my remarkable propensity for laughter during recitation. Also I bequeath attentions to a certain Sophomore girl to Robert Jones.

I, Ernest Tyler, bequeath to Jessie Brown my very desirable talent for making unexpectedly brilliant recitations.

I, Mildred Wyatt do hereby bequeath to Velma Boyd my position of the most dignified girl in the Senior Class.

I, Waller Smith, bequeath my physics note book to the School, the drawings to be used as models for the classes for all times.

I, Verna Whittington, do bequeath my cheerfulness and sweet disposition to Marie Smith.

I, Feroll Moore, do bequeath Velma's love and affection also roses and cookies to Morgan Van-Valkenburg, hoping he will appreciate the gift.

I, Gavin Douglas, do will and bequeath my position as the most dignified boy in the Senior Class to Thomas Clark.

We, Feroll Moore and Mildred Wyatt, do will and bequeath our twin dresses to Margaret Jacobs and Elizabeth Hoyt.

I, Robert Boyd, do bequeath my red hair to

Elizabeth Bivins. I think the shades will blend beautifully.

I, Treutlen Bailey, do bequeath to Vernel McNeil my sense of humor which I have cultivated at the advice of Miss Gale.

Signed and acknowledged by the class of 1918 of Clearwater High School as their last will and testament.

CLASS OF NINETEEN EIGHTEEN.

TREUTLEN BAILEY, '18.



The Prophecy of the Class of '18

IT WAS in the year 1925 and I was returning from a banquet with a young man who had a fondness for good champagne and speeding. He assured me that for once in his life he had satisfied his love for the first and he intended to satisfy his love for the second immediately. With this he pulled open the throttle and we shot down the long ribbon road that lay white in the light of early morning.

Faster, faster, faster—and then—why on earth was that stone wall built so close to the road and on a curve too?

Just listen to the roaring and the rumbling and the pounding! But how did I happen to get in an iron foundry? This question went unanswered for whom should I see coming in my direction but Ernest Tyler. With a swoop of his high silk hat he made an elaborate bow and kindly said he would take me through his foundry.

I was on the point of telling Ernest that he had a rather unique establishment when I was interrupted by soft music and I found myself in the darkness of a great theatre. The crowd was sitting forward, breathless, literally hanging on every note sung by the great prima donna. As the last notes died away the entire audience rose in a body and shouted its approval. I think I shouted louder than anyone, for I had recognized in the great prima donna my old school friend, Treutlen Bailey.

Everything was quiet in less than five seconds and I thought this was unusual but as I looked closer I found that I was in a different theatre and at a play instead of grand opera. The name of the great dramatic star was Féroll Mooré. When the curtain rose I was both pleased and disappointed. Pleased because I knew the great dramatic star and disappointed that the owner of the flowery name was only the Feroll Moore known to many as "One of the Gold Dust Twins."

How strange! I was roaming the one street of a small Western town where all was excitement and hurry. Stopping one of the more leisurely pedestrians I asked if the Indians were making a raid. "No, the President of the great N. S. E. & W.

R. R. is coming and we want him to put a spur into our town."

"Who is the President?" I asked.

"The Right Honorable George Johnson, of course!"

I thought of going to the celebration but to my unspeakable horror I found that I was still in my banquet gown. I looked around to find some place to get suitable attire, but I always got my gowns in Paris, so what was I to do? Instead of an answer to my question I heard the swish, swish of water against the sides of a boat and I was on a great liner entering the port of Liverpool. The captain, how he thundered out his orders and how he managed his ship! But who is the captain? None other than Julian Zimmerman.

Then came Paris and the question, "Where did my agent get my clothes?"

As I was strolling down one of the boulevards my eyes fell upon some dainty feminine creations. Slipping into the shop, that, certainly was the most E'lite in Paris, and whom do you suppose I saw? Verna Whittington, as was perfectly natural for she always had a knack of showing clothes advantagiously.

Back I went to England where I stopped among well kept grounds and extensive buildings that beyond a doubt was a school for girls. Passing several groups of students I heard many remarks of satisfaction and happiness. As I neared the main entrance I was about to reach the conclusion that here was a model school. Upon entering the hall I saw printed on one of the office doors the words, "Miss Mary Shank, President." I knew then that the school was a model.

On into Scotland I went, where I suddenly came upon the grounds of an old castle. Far away across the prfectly kept lawn I saw a couple strolling leisurely along. They did not interest me until I saw the gentleman quite naturally remove his monacle and it was Waller Smith. Oh, Waller, you have improved greatly in the ease with which you manage your monacle since the days you used to practice so laborously with a piece of twisted wire in study hall!

I had wandered far and was standing, admiring the beautiful scenery when some one near me called out, "Won't you please move to one side a little? I can't get a straight line with you standing there."

I moved, and there was Gavin Douglas. He was surveying the old Douglas estate, and he retold the bit of familiar Scotch history that had taken place on this very spot.

What a contrast were those dirty little Chinese streets with the bracing air of Scottish Highlands!

As I was wondering who I could possibly know in China I found a rather extensive mission house, where no great wonder, Victor Logan was having his hands full, doing the great many things that are required of a missionary.

Then again came the rocking, rocking of a boat and as I opened my eyes in a New York hospital I heard the eminent physician, Robert Boyd say cooly as he turned away, "Oh she'll pull through alright. Outside of a few broken bones, a smashed head and a general shake up she is O. K. She can stand that easy with the iron constitution she acquired while working on the annual staff at C. H. S."

MILDRED WYATT, '18.



The Senior-Junior Party

WE SENIORS, pondering upon an appropriate way in which to entertain the Juniors, hit upon the plan of the Tacky Party. So, on November 23rd the whole Junior class, attended by the Faculty, arrived at seven thirty, the specified time. Oh, the costumes! There are not enough words to describe them. Mildred, as Miss Cynthia Perkins, received the guests. We then passed around light refreshments of all-day suckers, chewing-gum, peanuts and ice-water punch. The crowd divided into three groups and played "Up Jinks" and the school shook with the laughter of the participants. Then we all lined up for "Cross Questions and Silly Answers." Miss Rich and Mildred did not join in the fun but judging from the sounds of uncontrollable laughter which came from their corners, they enjoyed it as much as the players. Candy was passed around and the boys and girls matched pieces to find partners for supper. This time we served sandwiches and orange juice, the Domestic Science room furnishing the granite dishes for the beverage.

After supper prizes were awarded to the tackiest boy and the tackiest girl. Mr. Lunder and Ida Seals were the lucky ones. The prizes were bottles of exquisite (?) Cologne.

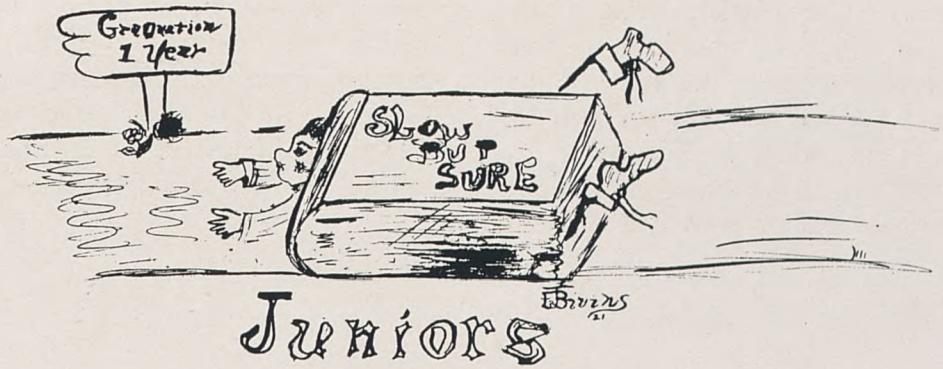
Then we played "Snake." This game, I believe, gave the Juniors the idea that we Seniors were not as dignified as we made out we were, for they treated us from then on as equals, not as superiors.

The evening was finished with a game of "Wink'um." We had in order to let the Juniors know how to act without having to undergo the embarrassment of being openly reproved, put up signs all over the room upon which were written pretty plain hints. Upon one was, "No Winking Allowed." Now this sign made it very uncomfortable for us; here we had proposed a game that would force our guests either to disregard our signs or to stay out of the game. One of our fellow students hit upon a wise plan. He removed the sign, unseen by the Juniors, and unhindered by this hint, they enjoyed the game immensely. It did the students good to see Mr. Breeden wink at the girls. Mr. Breeden being the last person one would ex-

pect to see doing such a coquettish thing. Mr. Reece also gave us a shock by showing us how skillfully he could close one eye. We weren't surprised at Mr. Lunder, for we had known him for two months. Miss Rich and Miss Worcester, instead of demurely casting down their eyes upon being winked at jumped up in response proving how little we knew them. We had a jolly time, which was overshadowed by the absence of two Seniors, Feroll and Robert, and one teacher, Miss Gale. Would that they could have seen how natural (?) the Juniors and Faculty had looked. As I said before, words cannot describe it.



COLORS
White and Green



FLOWER
White Rose

Juniors

Junior Class

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Edwin Rausseau

VICE-PRESIDENT
Lucile Fussel

SECRETARY
Ardys Poppler

TREASURER
Lois Freeman

CLASS ROLL

Lois Freeman
Velma Boyd
Jesse Brown
Lucile Fussel
Virginia Turner
Everad Mann
Fred Kilgore
Ardys Poppler
Mattie Studebaker
Lula May Beckett
Ida Seals
Edwin Rausseau
Leland Booth



JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior-Senior Party

ON JANUARY 25th the Juniors, desiring in some way to partially express their gratitude and appreciation for the past kindnesses of the Faculty and Senior Class, gave the Great Junior Circus. At eight o'clock sharp the doors of the enchanting room were thrown open and there on the threshold stood a crowd of children. From their appearance one would have said that they were not older than twelve. Noisy and excited as children always are, they were, however, accompanied by guardians so were allowed to enter. In filed the Seniors, the "dignified" occupants of the row of seats next the windows. These twelve-year-olds were the students all the Freshies and Sophs and Juniors looked upon with enveying eyes. They were accompanied by the Faculty, as stern and authoritative as ever.

At the door, behind a pretty booth stood Lucile and Lula May calling out their wares, which happened to be popcorn and peanuts. After each child had been hushed with a bag of peanuts and one of popcorn the crowd moved on to the "Pictures-While-You-Wait Booth." Here Virginia officiated and the children and their guardians were snapped separately, in groups and in two's. Next the sign, "Nasciana Sanistanquidio Medium," caught the eyes of the young people and one by one they entered the mysterious recesses of Senorita's establishment. No doubt they were disappointed to find Ardys telling fortunes but they were too anxious to hear about their love affairs to mind.

The Swimming Match and the wonderful "What-Is-It" next attracted them, and upon pulling back the curtain covering the latter attraction, each person saw himself as others saw him.

Fruit sold by Velma then refreshed the children and they moved on to Everads Whoop-a-la-la. The roars from the wild animals next called them and they finished the rounds in marveling at the ferocious beasts.

Mary Shank was unanimously voted Queen, and a priceless diamond awarded her. The queen first called for her entertainer and Everad again convulsed the crowd with his antics.

Then the queen ordered a spelling match for her amusement and the children proved themselves

quite learned on the subject. There were few words misspelled save that Mildred insisted on spelling "slim" F-e-r-o-l-l and Feroll Moore refused to spell "hen" any other way than V-e-l-m-a, but then apparently they had been misinformed by the persons next to them.

To finish off the circus in fine style ice cream cones were brought out and the children enjoyed them very much as children will do.

Thus we, the Juniors, under the expert management of Miss Rich, strove to express our thanks.

ARDYS POPPLER, '19.





SNAP SHOTS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class

COLORS: Maroon and Gold

FLOWER: Red Rose

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Elizabeth White

SECRETARY
Wesley Ficht

VICE-PRESIDENT
Robert Jones

TREASURER
Howard Brunson

CLASS ROLL

Edith Brandon
Marie Brandon
Sayde Brandon
Myrtle Christie
Jeanette Frost
Evanda Hamilton
Janey Martyn
Hazel Moore
Thelma Nall
Sarah Nelson

Emery Pendarvis
Marie Smith
Birdie Tucker
Elizabeth White
Howard Brunson
Stacy Brunson
Thomas Clark
Jasper Crowley
Wesley Ficht
Harry Fields
Frank Williamson

John Gage
Wilbur Hagan
Cecil Hathaway
Edgar Harn
Robert Jones
Frederic Hubbard
Merle McKisson
Howard Moore
Niles Ray
Morgan VanValkenburg

The Sophomore-Freshman Party

THE annual party given by the Sophomores to the Freshman will be long remembered by those present. The melee was held at the North Side School on Fort Harrison Avenue, where the invited guests began to arrive about the hour of seven-thirty. They were welcomed by Frank Williamson and Frederick Hubbard, who acted as hosts for the distinguished Sophomores. The guests entered the hall of the school, which was very attractively decorated in Japanese lanterns and other similar effects.

When the crowd had gathered, games were started. A game of "Skip-to-Ma-Lou" was enjoyed, which was immediately followed by a game of "Drop the Handkerchief." The "Freshies" were enjoying themselves immensely when Frank Williamson received the handkerchief and slipped and fell, breaking up their game.

The annual meeting of the "Truth Society" was then called and new members were added to the extensive list of this ancient organization. Miss Plumb objected strenuously to Norman Allen's "slang," Thereby, Norman had to solemnly swear to give up his "slang" before he became a member of this "society."

After the Society had added all new members to its list, ice cream and cake was served by several of the Sophomores.

The evening passed all too quickly. As ten-thirty was a late hour for the Freshman, the guests thanked their hosts and bid good night to their friends.

SOPHOMORE ISLAND PARTY

Two o'clock Saturday, March 16th, saw about 'steen members of the Sophomore Class gathered about the pavilion of the North City Park. When all of the stragglers arrived, the crowd set out. After strenuous work, the party arrived at the Island. Some of the younger boys and girls ran out on to the beach, but the older and wiser of the party remained in the pavilion to cool off.

After a short rest, the boys and girls appeared one by one in their bathing suits. The party was chaperoned by Misses Gale and Moore and Professor Herbert Lunder. The latter headed the

bathers as they came forth. He was clad in a stunning gray suit with a large white "M" upon the breast of it. Ah me!

At the conclusion of the lengthy surf bath, a lunch was spread on the beach. It was quickly devoured, and about this time, to the surprise of all, Jeanette Frost appeared in her "Baby Grand." We leave it to you to guess what happened next.

The dance was fully enjoyed by all and a short while after sun down, the party left for home.

Who said good time? That day shall always be remembered by the Sophomore Class.

MORGAN VanVALKENBURG, '20.







SNAP SHOTS



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

COLORS—Gold and Green

FLOWER—Marechal Niel Rose

MOTTO

If at First You Don't Succeed, Bluff, Bluff Again

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Newton McClung

SECRETARY
Elizabeth Bivins

VICE-PRESIDENT
James Brumby

TREASURER
Annette Griffin

CLASS ROLL

Irene Baskin
Dorathy Bishop
Elizabeth Bivins
Majorie Cordier
Annie Davis
Jessie Grant
Annette Griffin
Elizabeth Hoyt
Margaret Jacobs
Vernelle McNeil
Coletta Paden
Mary Plumb
Annie Russeau
Jaunita Stewart
Mildred Sumner
Louise Sweat
Majorie Whitledge
Gladys Kirk
Marion Crumpton
Ellen Austin
Wayne Smith
Arthur Tyler
Ezra Young
Norman Allen
Royal Barnum
Joe Bissell
Blair Brandon
James Brumby
Hobson Eddings
Goethe Fussell
Newton McClung
Hugh McMullen
Paul Moore
Roudolph Morton

Freshman-Sophomore Party

FRIDAY, February 1st, 1918, the annual Freshman-Sophomore party was held in the Domestic Science room. Numerous games were enjoyed and the guests were somewhat amused to find that everything was done backwards—except the eating. Among other things someone "prayed for the lights to go out" evidently, and had their prayers answered. The lights were soon restored however, and no one was suffering from the effects so badly as to prevent him from enjoying the refreshments, which consisted of ice cream and cherries. After a while the party broke up, the Sophomores condescending to be so gracious as to remark that "It was pretty good, considering who did it."

FRESHMAN MARSHMALLOW ROAST

Friday, November 3rd, 1917, was fixed upon by the Freshman Class as a good time for a marshmallow roast. Accordingly, a number of boxes of marshmallows were bought and an appropriate place was decided upon. The place decided upon was the vacant plot of ground adjoining the Verona Inn. Promptly on time the class arrived in all its glory. A fire was built and left to burn into coals suitable for roasting the marshmallows, while games were being enjoyed. To amuse the Freshman the Faculty joined in these and also participated in eating marshmallows. After the games of course the marshmallows. Everyone had a jolly time roasting and eating them. Some of the unexperienced succeeded in roasting their faces also. At a rather late hour farewell songs were sung and all returned to their homes.

ARTHUR TYLER, '21.

Things We Must Have Dreamed of

MR. REECE (Monday morning)—"I have nothing to say to you this morning."

The Freshman did not have a party last Friday.

Tom Clark without some flowers.

Howard Moore has stopped saying, "No, do you?"

Frederick Hubbard not chewing a rose.

Velma Boyd without a bag of oranges.

George Johnson not writing notes.

Ernest didn't have a discussion with a teacher today.

Julian Zimmerman going to school for a whole week at a time.

Miss Rich forgetting to give a Latin assignment.

George laughing—softly.

Victor didn't use the word "Wretched" nor Miss Rich the words "Straight up and down."

Miss Gale—"I have absolutely no objection to your eating in English Class.

Cecil Hathaway without a girl.

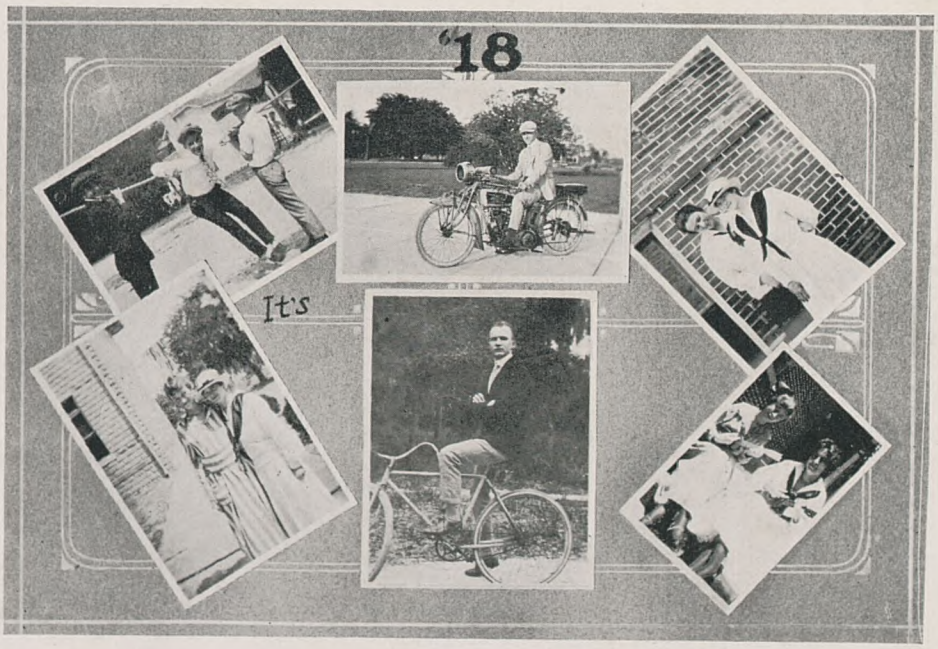
Everad Mann with his hair combed.

Arthur Tyler didn't try to be funny.

Ellen Austin has just returned from the cobler with rubber heels.



There's Music In The Air



SNAP SHOTS

The Glee Club

THIS year's Glee Club has been a great success because of the interest and work which the members and director have put into it.

At the first of the year it was thought that there would be no credit given to Glee Club because of the fact that the pupils would be unable to get in the required amount of work, but it was later decided that those who attended regularly and fulfilled certain requirements should have five points added to their general average at the end of the year.

Although many of last year's Glee Club were gone there were new pupils to take their places, and this year's Club is almost a third larger than any previous one.

A special music room had been equipped for the use of the Glee Club and Orchestra and this had been a great advantage as it allowed the study hall to be free to those students who wished to use it.

This room was paid for in part by the Glee Club itself when the members gave a concert after practicing for about a month. This concert was a success financially, and also showed the people of Clearwater the benefit of having music in the schools, and what could be done if proper advantages were provided.

The Club has also sung at a number of meetings of the Literary Society and has been highly complimented by visitors who attended these meetings.

The Glee Club sang at the commencement exercises and the numbers rendered by them were among th most enjoyable features of the evening.

The numbers given by the Club at that concert were:

Chorus—"The Mermaid" . . . . Old English
Glee Club

Voice—"Suwannee River" . . . . . Foster
Frederic Hubbard

Chorus—"Bright Starry Banner" . . Offenback
Glee Club

Chorus—"Sailing" . . . . . Marks
Glee Club

Chorus—"Old Black Joe" . . . . . Foster
Glee Club

Voice Trio—"Three Little Maids From School"
. . . . . From the Mikado
Misses Moore, Bivins, Cordier

Chorus—"Star Spangled Banner" . . Arnold
Glee Club



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Orchestra

IT WAS discovered at the beginning of the year that there was much good material available with which to organize a High School Orchestra and this material egan practicing three times a week under the leadership of Mr. Lunder and was soon in shape to play in public.

The first appearance of the Orchestra was at Literary Society, where they played three weeks after their first practice.

Although most of the members had had previous experience there were several of them who were just learning their instruments, and these deserve special credit for the way in which they have progressed, so that they now play their parts as well as the more experienced members.

The first music played by the Orchestra was simple and easy to play, but from this music they have gradually worked up until now, at the end of the school year, they are playing various selections from the various operas and other music which is played by much older and experienced orchestras.

The Orchestra played at the musical which was given by the High School Glee Club, and received many compliments on its selections. Many people were greatly surprised that so small a school could put out an organization of such unusual ability. It has also played at almost every meeting of the Literary Society and has added much to the enjoyment of the students and visitors.

The Orchestra has been set back decidedly by the lack of suitable music and for this reason they have been obliged to refuse playing at a number of occasions. Next year, however, they expect to procure enough music so that they may respond to all invitations.

Their playing at the commencement exercises was highly enjoyed by all and added a destinctive touch to the program.

Next year although several of this year's organization will be gone. Still it is hoped that a larger and better Orchestra may be produced.

Orchestra

VIOLINS

Mildred Wyatt
Niles Ray
Jessie Grant

John Gunn
Spencer Ruff
Marjorie Whitledge

TRAPS, DRUMS AND BELLS

Richard Shoemaker

CORNETS

Paul Ficht
Joe Bissell

CLARINETS

Wesley Ficht
Frederic Hubbard

HORN

Edwin Pemberton

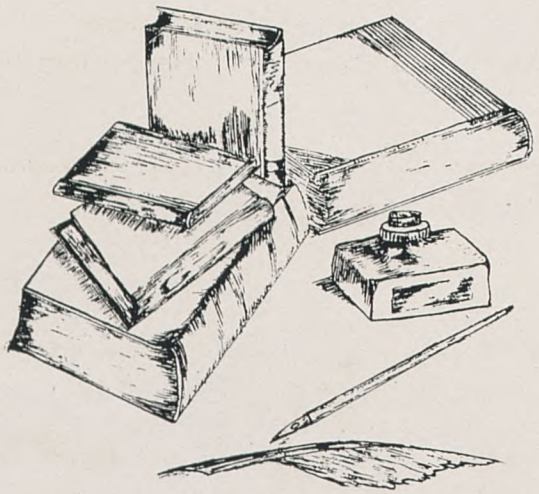
PIANO

Ferroll Moore

MANDOLIN

John Gage

LITERARY



1918

Literary Officers

FIRST QUARTER

Mary Shank
Chairman

Lois Freeman
Secretary

John Gage
Censor

Victor Logan
Critic

SECOND QUARTER

Ardys Poppler
Chairman

Lula Mae Beckett
Secretary

Morgan VanValkenburg
Censor

Feroll Moore
Critic

THIRD QUARTER

Mildred Wyatt
Chairman

Elizabeth White
Secretary

Thelma Nall
Censor

Waller Smith
Critic

FOURTH QUARTER

Edwin Russeau
Chairman

Frederic Hubbard
Secretary

Annette Griffin
Censor

Everad Mann
Critic



LITERARY-ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Literary-Athletic Officers

GIRL ATHLETICS

President—
Lucile Fussell

Vice-President—
Marie Brandon

Secretary—
Lois Freeman

Manager—
Edith Brandon

BOY ATHLETICS

President—
Robert Boyd

Vice-President—
Frederic Hubbard

Secretary—
Victor Logan

Treasurer—
Niles Ray

LITERARY SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

First Quarter—
Mary Shank

Third Quarter—
Mildred Wyatt

Second Quarter—
Ardys Poppler

Fourth Quarter—
Edwin Russeau

Literary Association

THE Literary Association is probably the greatest of all activities in the Clearwater High School, and is composed of both faculty and students. First it teaches an individual student responsibility in governing a mass and the students themselves have almost complete controll over the making and inforcing of the rules and regulations. Second, it gives a chance of putting knowledge to a practical test. These two reasons have been proven within the last four years, for each year the student body as a whole have had more responsibility.

Another improvement is the way in which the students have volunteered to serve this year on the programs, for as years of practice have passed, it does not seem such a hard matter to get on the stage before a large audience. The current event number, which many have asked to give, always has a number of inspiring claimants. A new feature in our Literary Society this year is the Orchestra. We certainly could not have had such successful programs if it had been for our "fiddlers" and "horn"ets. Still another improvement in the Literary program is that those that take part acquire their positions on the stage before the program begins. This saves the time that might have been used coming and going from the stage and still more important than this even, is that, it gives the stage a very "dignified" appearance.

We have this year in High School extraordinary talent in the line of Declamatory, and it has been cultured and refined in the Literary Society.

The visitors of the Literary Society have shown more interest this year than ever before, which is indeed a help to one who is apt to have "stage fright," as he becomes more acquainted with a large audience.

The programs consist of recitations, original papers, debates, vocal and instrumental music, given by the students at the programs which are held every two weeks.

The Literary Society so far has improved each year and by the effort on the part of the students in the future, both the education and the pleasure of the association may be brought to a higher standard.

MARY SHANK. '18.

Prize Story Contest

"The Hidden Battery"

(FIRST PLACE)

AS DAWN broke on the trenches near the little French town of Aix-L—a small body of men entered the communication trench and started for the front line trenches. They were observers going up to take charge of an "elephant" observation dug-out, which was in the second trench, and being on the brow of the hill had a very good view of the surrounding country. The German lines were across the valley and thus there had been no activity around there. But this was but the lull before the storm.

This little body of troops were under the command of Lieutenant William Jones, or Lieutenant Billy, as he was better known. All the squad of eleven men were young, keen-eyed soldiers, like their commander, and thus were picked for observation duty.

They arrived at their posts and settled down. There were three machine guns and their crews in the dug-out, so they had quite a pleasant time. Lieutenant Billy took in his surroundings that morning, and was quite pleased. He had a direct telephone line to battery B, a battery of six 6.5 inch guns, and also a line to Headquarters.

All remained quiet for several days. Then one night Lieutenant Billy was told by Headquarters to bombard a certain line, and to begin at 3:03 A. M. It was then about 2:30 A. M. He would be told when to stop.

Instantly all was excitement in the dug-out. A bombardment was pretty sure to be followed by an attack, and everything was in readiness. Two of the machine guns and crews were ordered to the fire trench. They were to go "Over the Top" and support the infantry in the counter attack.

Lieutenant Billy got in connection with Battery B, and informed the commanding officer of his orders. Then they had a little social chat till three, when everything was gotten ready for grim business.

At 3:03 A. M. Lieutenant Billy gave the order to fire. Instantly the air was rent by the crash of

the artillery. The battle had begun. Three minutes a distant roar told them that heavy artillery had also begun in action. By 3:10 every battery along the line had taken up the fire and the roar, shriek and bursting of shells was incessant. Star shells were bursting all the time, and Lieutenant Billy kept moving the fire of Battery B up and down his section of the line.

This was kept up all the next day. At 10 A. M. Billy received orders to stop his battery until 12, and then to throw the shells over the trenches into the communication trenches. Accordingly at 10 he gave the order to cease firing.

Battery B ceased and the noise became a little duller, as Battery B was right near them. Everyone except Lieutenant Billy retired for a nap. (An elephant dug-out has rooms far under ground that have cots in them.) But Billy was worried. At one time during the day the men in the fire trench in front of him had made like they were going "over the top," by putting up ladders and dummies. Instantly a battery of 6.5 inches had opened up. This battery was not on the map, and Billy knew that a hidden battery like his could do terrible slaughter to men crossing "No Mans Land."

He immediately got in communication with the battery. Gun three was near the east, and this he told the captain to leave with special orders.

When Battery B began firing again, gun three began feeling around behind that hill. Billy was hunting for the range of that battery. The rest of the battery he left to his second officer. Then suddenly he saw a black cloud shoot up, and although he did not hear the explosion, he knew that he had struck one of the ammunition piles, the range was either a few meters to the right or the left. Just then a 14-inch shell whizzed overhead and exploded about fifty yards back of them. But Billy paid no attention to it. Grabbing the phone he bellowed down it, "1728 over 5m. to right." Pause, no answer; he repeated the order but the customary "Got cher" didn't arrive. Instantly he leaped to the back parapet and looked. There a big gaping hole showed that the shell had broken the wire. Without hesitating he leaped over the parapet back towards the hole. A bullet whistled by his ear, another struck him in the shoulder. He spun around, fell and crawled to his feet again. He always had about ten yards of wire with him, and he must connect the phone. The men were already starting over the top.

Reaching the gap he connected one end to his wire. A shell bursted near him and everything went black, but he came to in a few minutes. As he crawled around the hole he saw that three waves had gone over. Two had never got there. The hidden battery was doing its work well. Then he had the wire connected, but before he got back to

the dug-out two more bullets struck him lightly. One arm was limp but he crawled with the other.

"The range, the range," he gasped as he fell into the dug-out into the second officer's arms.

"What range?" demanded the officer.

"The hidden battery. Quick, or the day is lost." Then faintly, "1728 over, 5, 10 and 15m to the right." Then he lay still.

But the day was not over, for battery B put the hidden batery out of business. Lieutenant Billy was critically wounded, but he had saved the day.

JAMES BRUMBY, '21.

"Pietje, a Dog of Flanders"

(SECOND PLACE)

FLAXEN haired, blue eyed Katrina sat on the door step, with her dog, Pietje, in a small town of Holland. There were tears in her big, dreamy eyes, and Pietje was sad also, though he was too brave to cry. Pietje had to be sold, that was settled. Father Jan had died a year ago, and as there were many mouths to be fed, mother's burden had been too heavy.

"Katrina, Katrina," called mother from the kitchen.

"Yes, yes, I'm coming, answered the child, dragging her beloved pet with her, fearing lest they be uselessly separated.

There were also tears in the eyes of Katrina's mother, for she too was sad.

"Come, come, the larder is empty and the vegetables are dried up. We must eat, child."

With a great many tears and caresses Pietje and Katrina left the familiar homestead and loved ones. Of course Katrina would return, but she would not be the same girl without her constant, and ever affectionate companion.

When they had been walking for several hours Katrina noticed Pietje's tongue hanging out of his mouth for thirst. There was no water to be had, save that in the canal, and, walking hastily to it, she took off one of her little wooden shoes, so that her dog could get a drink.

Pietje's wistful eyes showed much gratitude when he saw his young mistress lean over the shell bank of the canal, but in his heart he feared less she would fall, as Katrina was a very little girl, and the shell bank was pretty deep. So to make sure that she would be safe, he took the other wooden shoe and held it as tightly as his thirsty mouth would permit.

Just as she was about to bring up the shoe, sparkling in the sun with clear, cool water, her foot

slipped, and with a splash she fell into the water, leaving the frightened Pietje and the wooden shoe that he was still holding in his mouth.

A second splash followed, but before Katrina had gone under for the third time Pietje had her by the collar, and was swimming desperately.

When Katrina became conscious of her whereabouts, she found herself surrounded by strange and unfamiliar faces. She, herself was lying on a deck, or steamer lounge, on a large boat, and what she later found out to be a New York Millionaire's yacht.

She stared questioningly from one of the anxious faces to the other, and finally said, "Where is my dog, Pietje?" She received the satisfactory answer that her pretty dog was alright, and was at that very time, behind her lounge. But he wasn't there long, for, at the sound of his mistress' voice he had made a timid leap to the side of the lounge, and stood looking at her with adoring eyes. Katrina, weak as she was, stretched out her tired arms and embraced the expectant Pietje.

Everyone was silent, less they disturb the reunion of the devoted child and dog. Katrina's eyes shone with happiness, and Pietje wagged his tail in supreme joy. His short excited bark told of their love for each other.

Naturally Katrina was curious as to how she had gotten on the yacht, so a kind lady, who had taken a fancy to the little Dutch girl, told her how the heroic dog had swam to the yacht with her, and how she had been taken on board and cared for.

"Your dog, child, is a prize, and I envy you of him," continued the lady, "but of course you wouldn't care to sell him I'm sure."

"No, no!" cried Katrina. But then she thought of her mother and the hungry children at home so she told the listening crowd the story of her life, and how she would, after all have to sell the only thing that cared for her, and that she cared for.

There were tears in everybody's eyes when she had finished, and especially in those of the kind lady who spoke to her.

"My dear child," she sobbed, "I have a great confession to make to you. Your story, which you have told, assures me that you are my sister's child. When I was quite young I ran away from home, and married against the wish of my people. No one knows what I have suffered being separated from all news of them; and now, I can't stand it any longer. I'm going home with you, my dear little niece."

"You—my aunt—that—that left home—and worried them so?"

"Yes. Oh yes, dear Katrina. I'm rich now—but my riches are yours; just let me go home with you, and I promise never to leave again."

ELIZABETH BIVINS, '21.

BASKET BALL



BASE BALL



WALLACE SMITH

Boys' Basket Ball Team

Williamson, Forward — Hubbard, Guard

Fussell, Forward — Brown, Guard

Harn, Center

SUBSTITUTES

McClung — Hagan — Douglas



BASE BALL TEAM

Base Ball Team

CATCHER—
Williamson

PITCHER—
Hubbard

FIRST BASE—
Fussell

SECOND BASE—
Hagan

SHORT STOP—
P. Ficht

THIRD BASE—
VanValbenburg

LEFT FIELD—
Blanton

CENTER FIELD—
W. Ficht

BACK FIELD—
Barnum

SUBSTITUTE—
Hood

Base Ball Team

CLEARWATER is putting out one of the fastest little base ball teams ever put out by a high school with an equal amount of available material.

Williamson, behind the bat, will absorb anything thrown in his general direction, while a runner trying to steal second on him will look like a cake of soap after a week's washing. Connections with the pill released by our twirler, Hubbard, will be so scarce that they will not be recognized as such. Fussell will so firmly hold first that it will be impossible to separate the two. Hagan on second, can tag a runner faster than the eye can follow, so the Umps will have to keep good watch there. Shortstop Ficht can pick up grounders like a chicken picking up corn, and with the aid of South Paw VanVaulkenburg at the third corner it will be an impossible case when trying to figure when to put a hit. Fielders Blanton, Ficht and Barnum can get under anything that goes up or snag anything that passes the invincible infield. With this wonderful line-up Clearwater will have no difficulty in coming out of the big end when playing off her extensive schedule with Tampa, Largo and St. Petersburg.

Under the most able management and coaching of the best little coach that ever struck South Florida, Clearwater has the best outlook ever.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Boys' Basket Ball

BASKET BALL was not a complete failure this season. It was a failure as far as winning goes, but it was a success in another way. The team received some good exeprience and will, profiting by this experience, turn out something better next year.

This season's team was an entirely new squad, without former training and experience, but although snowed under by the heavier teams of Largo and St. Petersburg, was highly commended by various coaches and basket ball experts on its excellent material. We were not treated so harshly at Tarpon Springs, however, the score being 17 to 4 in their favor.

The Tarpon Springs trip under the supervision of the coach, will be long remembered by the participants as an occasion of a special merriment.

Williamson and Fussell, forwards, showed remarkable skill in goal throwing and passing, while Hubbard, left guard, held the score of the forward he was guarding to a minimum. Harn, McClung and Hagan also deserve honorable mention.



Girls' Basket Ball

FORWARDS

Lucile Fussell
Marie Brandon
Thelma Nall
Marjorie Whitledge

GUARDS

Edith Brandon
Marjorie Cordier
Lois Freeman
Verna Whittington

JUMPING CENTERS

Sadie Brandon
Annie Davis

RUNNING CENTERS

Elizabeth Hoyt
Margaret Jacobs
Emery Pendarvis

IT THE beginning of the year it was hoped that C. H. S. could put out a good Girls Basket Ball Team, but several disadvantages were too heavy a handicap. Many of the girls who gave promise of basket ball ability were not available on account of out-of-town residence and jitneys had to be caught.

The weather man too, was against us, for rain always selected our two days to make the court slippery and unfit for use.

However the girls who came out showed good team work. We are sure that another year with perseverance and a little encouragement C. H. S. can put out a winning team in girls basket ball.

Space

TRACK

Whatcreaturesweofhabitare,

Dependingsoonspaces,

Thatwhenasentenceleavesthemout,

Itsgreekbeforeourfaces.

Ori-fastan-za-w-eha-vep-enned,

Ap-rin-terth-usdispo-ses,

Fam-ili-arword-sappe-arli-ke-for-

Eignonton-guesben-eartho-urnoses.





TRACK TEAM

Track Team

Jesse Brown

Frederic Hubbard — Leland Booth

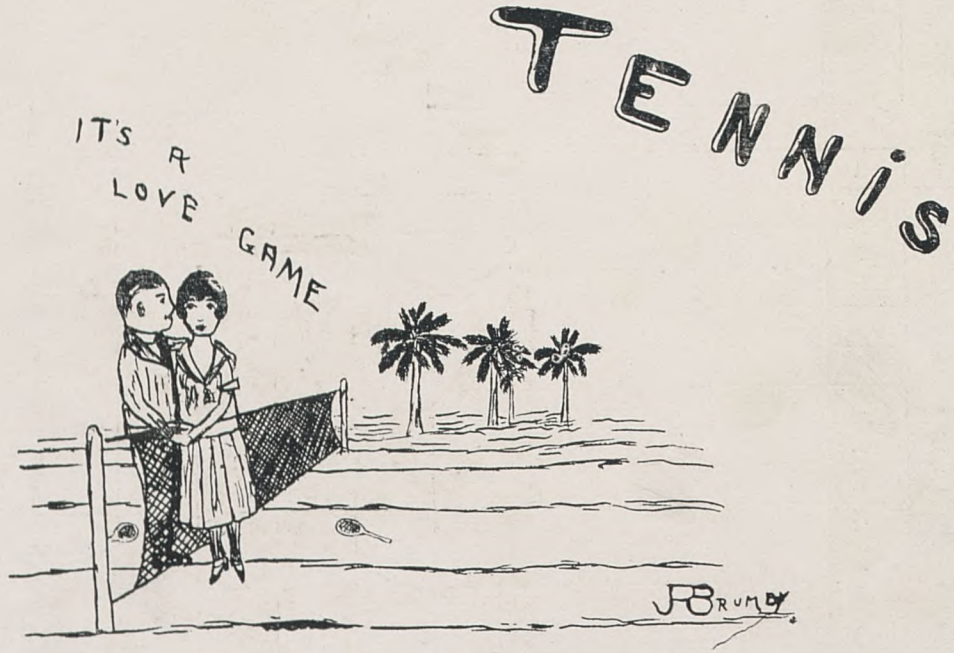
Tom Clarke

Gavin Douglas — Waller Smith

Victor Logan

Results of the West Coast School Meet

	Inverness, Fla.	Hernando, Fla.	Dade City, Fla.	Clearwater, Fla.	St. Petersburg, Fla.	Eustis, Fla.	Tavaras, Fla.	Webster, Fla.	Leesburg, Fla.	Tarpon Spgs., Fla.	Dunellon, Fla.	Ocala, Fla.
Ready Writing	5			3		1						
Spelling	5	1	3									
Piano Solo				3	5				1			
Boys' Declamation					3	1	5					
Vocal Solo	3		5	1								
Girls' Declamation				5	1			3				
Quartet	5		10									2
100 Yard Dash	2	3	1									
200 Yard Dash	3	2	1									
120 Yard Hurdle	3	2			1							
440 Yard Run		4			2							
880 Yard Run	1	3			2							
Shot Put	5	1										
High Jump	2	3			1							
Broad Jump		5		1								
Pole Vault	2	1				3						
Relay Race	6		4	2								
TOTALS	41	25	24	15	15	5	5	3	1			2



Tennis

NOW we have longed for tennis this year! Of course we are allowed to play on the court in Harbor Oaks, but as it is private, we feel rather backward about monopolizing it at any time.

We were hoping at the first of the year that we might have a court on the school grounds. But as the year has passed our dream has not been realized. However, next year may not be smashed. We will continue to hope and work and work and hope until some day tennis will be an established activity.



SNAP SHOTS



CLASS PLAY



CASTE OF SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Senior Class Play

"The Merchant of Venice Up-to-date"

A Comedy in Five Acts

SLIGHTLY REVISED AND MODERNIZED BY

Carl S. Miner
Robert A. Moore
Harry J. Spencer
James H. Emery

CASTE

Mrs. Gobbo, Launcelot's Mother The Duke of Venice	Treutlen Bailey
Antonio—A Senior—Captain of High School Foot Ball Team	George Johnson
Bassanio, His Friend and Suitor to Portia	Victor Logan
Grantiano—Another Friend	Robert Boyd
Shylock—A Wealthy Gambler	Ernest Tyler
Tubal—His Friend and Captain of the Belmont Foot Ball Team	Gavin Douglas
Launcelot Gobbo—A Servant to Shylock	Waller Smith
Portia—A Rich Heiress	Feroll Moore
Nerisa—Her Friend	Mildred Wyatt
Jessica—Shylock's Ward	Mary Shank
Miss Abbie Threedice—A Teacher	Verna Whittington
Foot Ball Players	Senior Boys
The Professor, an Ex-ray Photographer	Gavin Douglas

JOKES





Jokes and Additions

What tickles you may scratch another,
What scratches you may tickle some.

Earnest Tyler had accidently stepped on Thomas Clark's feet:

Thomas—"Where are your eyes?"
Earnest—"In my head."
Thomas—"Well, can't you see my feet?"
Earnest—"No, you have your shoes on."

Morgan—"Mr. Lunder, what is good for sea sickness?"
Mr. Lunder—"Give it up."

Senior—"How do you like our quartet?"
Freshman—"Quartet, you say? How many are in it?"

If Gavin were a wrestler could he Waller Smith?

Mr. Reece (in Solid Geometry Class)—"Earnest, what is a cone?"
Earnest (his mind on the night before—"A cone is a pasteboard ice cream dish."

A little drop of powder,
A little drop of paint,
Makes a lady's freckles
Look like they-ain't.

Howard—"You don't know anything until I tell you; then you know nothing."
Merle—"I know as much as you and a good deal less."

Miss Gale—"Arthur, who invented electricity?"
Arthur—"Noah."
Miss Gale—"Why, Arthur; how is that?"
Arthur—"When he put the animals out didn't it make the ark light?"

Waller—"Do you want to see something swell? Yes? Well, drop a sponge in water."

Velma—"How many are in the Sophomore Class?"
Edythe—"Oh about twenty."
Velma—"I thought there were about thirty-

five."

Edythe—"Oh, yes; if you count the boys."

Frank—"Do you like Shakespeare?"

Stacy—"No, I like bock-beer."

If the temperature should go down to zero. Would Jeanette Frost?

Miss Gale—"What were the two events in the church celebrated in drama?"

Robert—"Christmas and Hallowe'en."

Mr. Lunder—"What is a cyclone?"

Frederick H.—"A cyclone is something that starts from nowhere, has no particular place to go, but is in an awful hurry to get there."

Ellen—"So Morgan really said he thought me very witty, eh?"

Thomas—"Not exactly. He said he had to laugh every time he saw you."

If Newton McClung should propose would Jessie Grant?

Miss Gale—"What are the parts of speech?"

Fred K.—"It's the way a man talks when he stutters."

Julian—"I have an interesting letter here from my brother in France. He starts off, 'I am sorry I cannot tell you where I am, because I am not allowed to say. But I venture to say that I am not where I was, but where I was before I left here to go where I have just come from'."

Treutlen—"Say, did you know that the human body contains sulphur?"

Mary—"Is that so; how much?"

Treutlen—"Oh, various quantities."

Mary—"That may account for some girls making better matches than others."

Father—"Well, Cecil, are you able to keep your place in classes?"

Cecil—"Yes, Pa; I began at the foot and there is not a single boy been able to take it from me."

Miss Worcester (in study hall)—"Give me that orange!"

Velma—"It has already been promised to four."

Mr. Breeden—"What have you in your mouth, Virginia?"

Virginia—"My tongue."

Mr. Breeden—"Leave the class and take it with you."

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"The Happy Home Builder"



Clearwater, Florida

Frank W.—"What time is it?"
Annette G.—"Half past kissing time—"
Frank—"Well, I'm ready."

Mr. Breeden (in physics)—"How many horsepower must a horse exert in order to raise a five hundred pound barrel of flour fifteen feet in two seconds?"

Waller—"Why—one horsepower, of course!"

Mr. Breeden—"But the horse may have been a nag."

Waller—"Oh, that's easy! One nagpower, of course!"

If the temperature should go above one hundred twenty degrees, would Jessie Brown?

Julian was in bad with his girl, so he bought a box of candy as a peace offering. As he extended his gift he exclaimed ardently: "Here is a little present for the one I love best in all the world!" She looked cooly at the box and asked: "What is it, a box of cigars?"

James B. (to a very ill uncle, who was to leave James all his money)—"Uncle James, please make a noise like a frog so I can get a bicycle."

Uncle James—"How would that help you get a bicycle?"

James—"Well, Pa said I could have one if you croaked."

Virginia—"Lend me some paper, Robert." Robert Boyd hands her his tablet.

Virginia—"I didn't ask you for your whole tablet."

Robert—"No, I don't expect you to use it all either."

Mr. Lunder—"The orchestra won't play today. The Clarinets have the measles." (How life-like some musical instruments are!)

Treutlen—"Did you know that they had flying machines in the time of the Fall of Troy?"

Ida S.—"I know they did NOT."

Treutlen—"Miss Rich said so. She said Pygmalion wished to be sure of his heir-ship."

Ellen—"They say that President Wilson hasn't slept for ten days."

Miss Gale—"How is that?"

Ellen—"He sleeps at night."

During the school meet Gavin Douglas got lost in Dade City. The light had gone out and he didn't

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Groceries and
Grain

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know where he was. Finally he found a sign on a lamp post, but being unable to read it in the dark he climbed the post, struck a match and read, "Fresh Paint."

The Junior Class has a "Studebaker" which makes no less than ninety.

Mr. Breeden (in physics)—"Mildred, give the law of reflection."

Mildred—"The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of coincidence."

Lives of students all remind us,
We should take no heed of looks,
And departing leave behind us
INTERLININGS in our books.
Interlinings that some other
Toiling on 'midst grief and pain,
That some forlorn and flunked-out brother,
Seeing, ne'er shall flunk again.

If the Germans should invade the United States would Wesley Ficht?

Gavin Douglas—"I'm going to take up trigernometry, for Pa says I'm the only poor shot in the family."

Mr. Lunder—"I wonder what we shall wear in heaven."

Hazel M.—"Well, if you are there I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks."

Miss Worcester—"Why is the letter "R" the most important one in the alphabet?"

Virginia—"Because it is the beginning of Roosevelt and the ending of Turner."

Miss Gale (in English II)—"Merle, give us a sentence and we will see if we can put it in the imperative mood."

Merle—"The horse draws the cart."

Miss Gale—"All right; now change it to the imperative mood."

Merle—"Git up!"

Stacy—"Money is trouble."

Julian—"Well, if that's the case I'm always looking for trouble."

Much has been said concerning the tyrannical course of Miss Rich. We, the undersigned testify this is not the truth:

Miss Take,
Miss Apprehension,
Miss Understanding,
Miss Conception.

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Junior girl—"Oh, my hair looks, dreadful!"

Senior girl—"Never mind, there are no boys here."

Mrs. Cordier—"So you enjoyed your walk, Marjorie! Did you go quite alone?"

Marjorie—"Oh, yes mama; quite alone."

Mrs. Cordier—"How is it then that you took an umbrella and brought home Morgan's walking stick?"

Miss Worcester—"By what is the climate caused?"

Irene—"Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun."

(Senior English)—"I ain't got no books—where's it at?"

Mr. Reece—"Jesse, what does geometry teach?"

Jesse B.—"Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels."

Miss Gale—"What is the government of England?"

Virginia—"A limited mockery."

Lois—"Lula May, what does gender show?"

Lula May—"Don't you know? It shows whether man is masculine, feminine or neuter."

D. T. McMullen—"Mr. Lunder, by what is typhoid prevented?"

Mr. Lunder—"It is prevented by fascination."

Miss Rich—"There must be an earthquake, children; you are dismissed."

Upon their return to study hall it was found that the shock had been caused by Velma sitting unceremoniously on the floor.

Waller—"Victor, from the looks of your head you'll be able to get your hair cut with your hat on."

Frank—"What are you trying to do? Make a fool of me?"

Jasper—"No, I never interfere with nature."

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill;
He drilled away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill.

Coletta Paden (at the piano)—"They tell me

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you are very fond of good music."

Mr. Lunder—"Never mind—continue."

Miss Worcester (in domestic science)—"Annette, why should we always keep our homes clean and neat?"

Annette—"Because company may walk in at any moment."

Mr. Reece—"What is a circle?"

Edwin R.—"A circle is round, straight line with a hole in the middle."

Jesse B.—"If I ate Tarpon at the Springs and drank Clearwater, how much would I O-zona when I was Dunedin?"

We had an exciting time when the Orchestra first started practicing. The first day they called out the militia, the second day the police force, the third day the fire department and the fourth we were used to it.

Ezra Young—"I can't see a bigger fool than you."

Howard Moore—"And I can't see a bigger nut than you."

Mr. Reece—"Boys: you forget I'm here?"

Mr. Lunder (drilling the boys)—"Each of you hold up your left foot."

All complied except Harry Fields, who held up his right foot, thus making his foot come close to the next man's. "Hey there," called Mr. Lunder; "who's that guy holding up both feet?"

Howard Moore—"Hazel, do you like monkeys?"

Hazel M.—"O, this is so sudden!"

Miss Gale (in English Class, explaining synecdoche)—"She is a lady of twenty-five falls."

Doctor to Robert Boyd—"A weak heart, my boy; be careful in climbing that you don't fall in love."

If in the search through this, our book,
Flits over thy face a weary look,
Because of grind against the sound;
In strictest justice thou art bound,
To pass it by with a merry heart.
We all are young and life is short,
Then let us have a bit of sport,
Of humor gay and spicy wit,
And let it not thy feelings twit.

FEROLL C. MOORE, '18.

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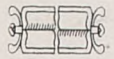
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Chronology

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 24th, Monday—Everybody is delighted (?) to be back at school again.

Sept. 25th, Tuesday—Schedule changed today.

Sept. 26th, Wednesday—Ditto.

Sept. 27th, Thursday—Schedule fixed. Will remain unchanged if the heavens fall, says Mr. Reece.

Sept. 28th, Friday—The overflow from the Study Hall consists of several Senior boys, whom Miss Gale trys to keep up with in study periods.

OCTOBER

Oct. 1st, Monday—Groans from those who have front seats in the new Study Hall.

Oct. 2nd, Tuesday—A great scandal has been unearthed in the Senior Class.

Oct. 3rd, Wednesday—A Senior boy bribed a Senior girl, for seventy-five cents, to change seats with him—just so he could set behind another Senior girl.

Oct. 5th, Friday—Mary Shank in Virgil Class, "And Juniper looking down from the heavens."

Oct. 8th, Monday—Robert Boyd tells us that farmers were called "pheasants" or "turfs" in England.

Oct. 10th, Wednesday—Miss Gale says "rise" should be pronounced "rice."

Oct. 12th, Friday—First Literary Society program.

Oct. 15th, Monday—Mildred, reading a poem on the cuckoo, "Summer is coming; loudly sing cuckoodoo!"

Oct. 19th, Friday—I guess the Freshies had a party today; they have had one every Friday since school started.

Oct. 22nd, Monday—Would that this day had never been! I'll tell you why tomorrow.

Oct. 23rd, Tuesday—No speaking in study hall—no speaking in line—if you do you will spend thirty with Miss Rich after school.

Oct. 24th, Wednesday—Several have had "dates" with Miss Rich under the "new regime."

Oct. 25th, Thursday—The Latin Class had a sermon on "Code of Ethics."

Oct. 26th, Friday—Mr. Reece consoled us with the news that the new rules were for our good! If

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he makes many more we'll be so good that we'll sprout wings.

Oct. 31st, Wednesday—The Sophomore boys had a "Fancy Dress Party" at school today.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 2nd, Friday—A "sound of revelry by night "came from a house near the Library."

Nov. 6th, Tuesday—Robert Boyd also tells us that the two chief festivals in the year are Christmas and Hallowe'en.

Nov. 7th, Wednesday—Study Hall is well patronized.

Nov. 9th, Friday—Miss Rich, "When you come to a period don't stop."

Nov. 13th, Tuesday—Waller ate onions today.

Nov. 15th, Thursday—Quarterly exams!

Nov. 16th, Friday—Well, they're through at last.

Nov. 19th, Monday—Miss Gale told Waller he'd cured her of saying "beautifully funny."

Nov. 20th, Tuesday—"What are you going to wear to the Tackey Party?"

Nov. 22nd, Thursday—Refreshment list of Senior-Junior Party—"All-day suckers, chewing gum, peanuts, ice water (for punch."

Nov. 23rd, Friday—Some Tackey Party! Excitement furnished by the Soph boys.

Nov. 27th, Tuesday—George Johnson, reading in history, "The chief religious figures were circus riders—Baptist or Methodist ministers."

Nov. 30th, Friday—Waller was asked what "Sir Launcelot was passing heavy" meant, and he said, "I guess it means he was drunk."

DECEMBER

Dec. 3rd, Monday—Miss Gale gave the English III-IV Class a cordial invitation to visit the English II Class to see how well the dear Sophs behaved.

Dec. 4th, Tuesday—Several accepted the invitation today. We were welcomed by the question, "What are you all doing here?—Get out!"

Dec. 7th, Friday—Mr. Reece told us in Literary Society, "To put the table on the motion."

Dec. 9th, Sunday—Quite a number of teachers attended a sermon on "How to find a husband." Some stayed home to see what effect was produced —no results yet.

Dec. 10th, Monday—Faculty meeting to discuss hot-air (heating).

Dec. 11th, Tuesday—The air is thick with plots against Miss Gale.

Dec. 12th, Wednesday—The English III-IV had a tatting party. Miss Gale didn't seem to appreciate the joke, although she "took" it as one.

Dec. 14th, Friday—Only one week more.

Dec. 17th, Monday—Jesse Brown said, "the

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South was spread all over the south you might say." We thanked him for the information.

Dec. 19th, Wednesday—My, don't the days pass slowly!

Dec. 21st, Friday—Rah! Rah! Rah! for the holidays.

JANUARY

Jan. 7th, Monday—Everybody's singing, "It Takes a Long, Tall, Brown Skin Gal."

Jan. 8th, Tuesday—Ugh! I wish it wasn't so cold.

Jan. 9th, Wednesday—Cold.

Jan. 10th, Thursday—Still colder.

Jan. 11th, Friday—Will it never get warm?

Jan. 14th, Monday—Velma Boyd keeps us supplied with oranges during the second period.

Jan. 17th, Thursday—Miss Gale asked us if we were warm enough. Waller answered "You make it warm enough for us."

Jan. 18th, Friday—Mr. Reece says that if we are sent to study hall twice a week he'll have to apply "the board of education" or else make us spend forty-five minutes in silent meditation in the corner.

Jan. 21st, Monday—Earnest Tyler has developed a pompador.

Jan. 23rd, Wednesday—Miss Rich told Earnest, "I believe I could catch you by the hair like Pyrhus did Priam."

Jan. 25th, Friday—Earnest and Julian enjoyed a game of checkers in back of study hall today.

Jan. 28th, Monday—Mr. Reece gave us a talk on "Cliques" today. He said we were going back to the old barbarian methods of having feuds.

Jan. 29th, Tuesday—Miss Gale said, "Th army was worse than nothing and the navy was worse off than that."

Jan. 30th, Wednesday—Earnest fell down the steps today, much to Miss Rich's amusement.

Jan. 31st, Thursday—Virginia was asked what "deserving the palm" meant, and she answered, "It's the same as taking the cake."

FEBRUARY

Feb. 1st, Friday—The Great Junior Circus was very well attended by Faculty and Seniors, and for once in their lives a party has come off without any excitement by the Soph byos.

Feb. 4th, Monday—"O. K. in the stilly" (?) hours of the fourth period, those in study hall the application of the board of education.

Feb. 7th, Thursday—Miss Rich said that Hector was straight up and down buried.

Feb. 8th, Friday—Mary, translating Virgil, "He has my love with him and serves it on a tray."

Feb. 12th, Tuesday—A book agent came to

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Feb. 14th, Thursday—"Will you be my Valentine?"

Feb. 20th, Wednesday—A visitor came up stairs today, looked around and went down again. Some impolite boys seized her, carried her upstairs, deposited her on the stage steps. Soon Mr. Reece came to her rescue however, much to the disappointment of the school, who wished to have some fun with her. She was a hen.

Feb. 22nd, Friday—We celebrated this great day by going to school.

Feb. 25th, Monday—"Who's Who" preliminary contest at the Strand.

Feb. 26th, Tuesday—A notice was put on the board today, "Mr. Breenen, gone but not forgotten."

Feb. 28th, Thursday—"Are you going to the meet.?"

MARCH

March 1st, Friday—You folks who didn't go to the meet certainly missed a lot by not hearing "Goodbye" sung.

March 2nd, Saturday—In the still (?) quiet hours of the early morning in Dade City some were sleeping (?) three to a bed, some three to two beds, some on the floor, and others were taking photos by a one hundred watt light which was later broken in a pillow fight!

March 4th, Monday—After the suitcase of medals, placed on the stage to the tune of "Goodbye," Mr. Reece gave us an account of the meet.

March 5th, Tuesday—In the quiet of study hall today someone said in a loud whisper, "Stop it! Stop it!"

March 8th, Friday—A notice was found on the board in one of the recitation rooms: "Dull? My goodness, yes!"

March 11th, Monday—Morgan caused great amusement because of his costume.

March 13th, Wednesday—Everybody's got spring fever.

March 18th, Monday—Jesse Brown brought a worm into study hall and Miss Gale told him to throw "that thing" away because she was afraid it might scare Waller.

March 21st, Thursday—Mr. Reece told the janitor not to strike any matches on the girls' side because he was afraid the powder might blow up.

APRIL

April 1st, Monday—Did you get fooled?

April 5th, Friday—Miss Rich said in Virgil Class that the Ancients believed that a lock of hair

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had to be carried to Pluto before a person could die. Earnest asked what a bald-headed man would do.

April 8th, Monday—A small colored delivery boy came to the school house the other day and asked Waller if this was where "Miss Worcester" lived.

April 10th, Wednesday—Mary Shank said that Cicero spoke orally.

April 11th, Thursday—Miss Gale was speaking about poetic license and some one asked her if poets had to have licenses.

April 16th, Tuesday—Velma Boyd fell on the floor today while trying to sit down. Some plastering was knocked off the Eighth Grade ceiling.

April 18th, Thursday—George said that Gray moved to Pembroke and stayed there till three years after his death.

April 22nd, Monday—The same brilliant person said that Burns wrote "Three Blind Mice."

April 25th, Thursday—Miss Rich's assignment in Latin was, "Take to 155 if you can to 160 if you can't."

April 29th, Monday—The Freshman girls say that Newton McClung will drive them crazy if he does not stop saying "Don't you?"

May 1st, Wednesday—Lula May said to Mary, "Go on ahead of yourself."

May 3rd, Friday—Miss Gale said that the Government gave so much land to every one that would build trees on it.

May 6th, Monday—Ardys told us in Virgil Class of some "beasts of gay plumage."

May 7th, Tuesday—Everad made the brilliant remark that this is the warmest Tuesday we've had this week.

May 10th, Friday—Paul Moore told Miss Rich that George Washington chopped down a hatchet with a cherry tree.

May 13th, Monday—Miss Gale said, "He really didn't mean anything he meant."

May 15th, Wednesday—It has been rumored that Waller keeps up a correspondence with the landlady he stayed with at Dade City.

May 16th, Thursday—Graduation Exercises.

May 17th, Friday—When shall we all meet again? In thunder, lightning or rain? Boo hoo!

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